

# **EXHIBIT F**

**“First Person Shooter”**

*Drake, featuring J. Cole*

[Part I]

[Intro: J. Cole]

(Pew, pew-pew)

First-person shooter mode, we turnin' your song to a funeral

To them n\*\*\*\*\* that say they wan' off us, you better be talkin' 'bout workin' in cubicles

Yeah, them boys had it locked, but I knew the code

Lot of n\*\*\*\*\* debatin' my numeral

Not the three, not the two, I'm the U-N-O

Yeah

Numero U-N-O

Me and Drizzy, this shit like the Super Bowl

Man, this shit damn near big as the

[Chorus: Drake]

Big as the what? (Ah)

Big as the what? (Mm)

Big as the what? (Ayy)

Big as the Super Bowl

[Verse 1: Drake]

But the difference is it's just two guys playin' shit that they did in the studio

n\*\*\*\*\* usually send they verses back to me and they be terrible, just like a two-year-

old I love a dinner with some fine women when they start debatin' about who the

G.O.A.T. I'm like go on 'head, say it then, who the G.O.A.T.?

Who the G.O.A.T.? Who the G.O.A.T.? Who the G.O.A.T.?

Who you bitches really rootin' for?

Like a kid that act bad from January to November, n\*\*\*\*\*, it's just you and Cole

[Chorus: Drake]

Big as the what? (Ah)

Big as the what? (Mm)

Big as the what? (Ayy)

Big as the Super Bowl

[Verse 2: J. Cole]

N\*\*\*\*\* so thirsty to put me in beef

Dissectin' my words and start lookin' too deep

I look at the tweets and start suckin' my teeth

I'm lettin' it rock 'cause I love the mystique

I still wanna get me a song with YB

Can't trust everything that you saw on IG

Just know if I diss you, I'd make sure you know that I hit you like I'm on your caller ID

I'm namin' the album The Fall Off, it's pretty ironic 'cause it ain't no fall off for me  
Still in this bitch gettin' bigger, they waitin' on the kid to come drop like a father to be  
Love when they argue the hardest MC  
Is it K-Dot? Is it Aubrey? Or me?  
We the big three like we started a league, but right now, I feel like Muhammad Ali  
Huh, yeah, yeah, huh-huh, yeah, Muhammad Ali  
The one that they call when they shit ain't connectin' no more, feel like I got a job in IT  
Rhymin' with me is the biggest mistake  
The Spider-Man meme is me lookin' at Drake  
It's like we recruited your homies to be demon deacons, we got 'em attending your wake  
Hate how the game got away from the bars, man, this shit like a prison escape  
Everybody steppers, well, fuck it, then everybody breakfast and I'm 'bout to clear up my plate  
(Huh, huh, huh)  
When I show up, it's motion picture blockbuster  
The G.O.A.T. with the golden pen, the top toucher  
The spot rusher, sprayed his whole shit up, the crop duster  
Not Russia, but apply pressure  
To your cranium, Cole's automatic when aimin' 'em  
With The Boy in the status, a stadium  
N\*\*\*\*\*

[Part II]

[Intro: Drake]

Ayy, I'm 'bout to, I'm bout to  
I'm 'bout to, yeah  
Yeah

[Verse: Drake]

I'm 'bout to click out on this shit  
I'm 'bout to click, woah  
I'm 'bout to click out on this shit  
I'm 'bout to click, woah  
I'm down to click out you hoes and make a crime scene  
I click the trigger on the stick like a high beam  
Man, I was Bentley wheel whippin' when I was nineteen  
She call my number, leave her hangin', she got dry-cleaned  
She got a Android, her messages is lime green  
I search one name, and end up seein' twenty tings  
Nadine, Christine, Justine, Kathleen, Charlene, Pauline, Claudine  
Man, I pack 'em in this phone like some sardines  
And they send me naked pictures, it's the small things  
You n\*\*\*\*\* still takin' pictures on a Gulfstream  
My youngins richer than you rappers and they all stream  
I really hate that you been sellin' them some false dreams

Man, if your pub was up for sale, I buy the whole thing  
Will they ever give me flowers? Well, of course not  
They don't wanna have that talk, 'cause it's a sore spot  
They know The Boy, the one they gotta boycott  
I told Jimmy Jam I use a GRAMMY as a door stop  
Girl gave me some head because I need it  
And if I fuck with you, then after I might eat it, what?  
N\*\*\*\*\* talkin' 'bout when this gon' be repeated  
What the fuck, bro? I'm one away from Michael  
N\*\*\*\*\*, beat it, n\*\*\*\*\*, beat it, what?

[Outro: Drake]

Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what?  
Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what?  
Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, ayy, beat it, what?  
Don't even pay me back on none them favors, I don't need it

Available at: <https://genius.com/Drake-first-person-shooter-lyrics>